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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIX. CHICAGO, MAY 1, 1902. NUMBER 9

JUST OUT.

THE NEW WORLD and THE NEW THOUGHT

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

Western Unitarian Conference

Fiftieth Anniversary May 6th, 7th and 8th, 1902
at the Church of Messiah, Chicago.

ABSTRACT OF PROGRAMME.

TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 6TH—Anniversary sermon Rev. Robert Collyer, of New York.

WEDNESDAY FORENOON, MAY 7TH—Annual business meeting. Address of President, reports of Secretary and Treasurer, and informal discussion.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON—Three historical papers, "The Birth," Rev. Rush R. Shippen, Brockton, Mass.; "The Renaissance," Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago; "The Period of Storm and Stress," Rev. Henry M. Simmons, Minneapolis.

WEDNESDAY EVENING—Platform meeting. Subject, "The Western Unitarian Conference." Speakers, Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, D. D., Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, D. D., Rev. Fred V. Hawley.

THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 8TH—Annual meeting of the Western Sunday School Society, with addresses by Rev. Edward A. Horton, of Boston; Rev. R. W. Boynton, of St. Paul, and others.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON—Meeting of the National Alliance of Unitarian Women, Miss Low presiding. Addresses by Mrs. S. C. Ll. Jones, Mrs. David Utter, Mrs. Chas. F. Smith, Mrs. Mary B. Davis and others.

At 4:30 p. m. closing business session of the Conference. At 6 p. m. banquet under the auspices of the Unitarian Club of Chicago, speakers to be announced.

For further particulars address
F. C. SOUTHWORTH, Secretary,
175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

UNITY

VOLUME XLIX. THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1902. NUMBER 9

THE HIGHER GOOD.

Father, I will not ask for wealth or fame,
Though once they would have joyed my carnal sense,
I shudder not to bear a hated name,
Wanting all wealth, myself my sole defense.
But give me, Lord, eyes to behold the truth;
A seeing sense that knows the eternal right;
A heart with pity filled, and gentlest ruth;
A manly faith that makes all darkness light;
Give me the power to labor for mankind;
Make me the mouth of such as cannot speak;
Eyes let me be to groping men and blind;
A conscience to the base; and to the weak
Let me be hands and feet; and to the foolish, mind;
And lead still farther on such as thy kingdom seek.

—*Theodore Parker.*

This year it is the colored woman that is agitating the great Federation of Women's Clubs. Next year, or a few years after that, it will be the white man that will be the burning question. Already the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, is seen on the horizon.

We again call attention to the program of the Western Unitarian Conference, which we print on our second page; also the announcement of and invitation to the Unitarian Club dinner, printed elsewhere. This meeting of the conference will be significant—if for no other reason—that it will be one more and probably the last opportunity to many to look into the benignant face of Robert Collyer in the West among his old associates.

Sol Smith Russell is dead, and what a loss to the humanities! He was something better than a great actor, namely, a good actor, that appealed to the best in human nature. He was a radiating kindness. He made tender hearts towards the "Poor Relations" and cheerful the spirits who visited his "Happy Valley." He was a prophecy of the stage that is to be allied with the church, a potent factor in religion. He believed in the humane and humanizing religion of love. When at home in Minneapolis he was a loyal friend and supporter of the Unitarian Church of that city, and Henry M. Simmons, its pastor. He was a man who carried out his religion and lived the fellowship he professed. He has sweetened and strengthened the life of many.

We learn in the pages of the *Christian Register* of April 23 of certain "two propositions" made by the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society looking towards the union of the Western Society with the Unitarian Sunday School Society, with its headquarters at Boston. "Favorable action was taken unanimously on both propositions," but the propositions are not published. It will be a surprise as well as a grief to many of those who worked so hard to build up a Western interest and to represent the western life indicated by this society. It is probably within the legal province of a "Board of Directors" at any given time to close out or transfer its life. But there is a constituency which created the board and which the board were expected to *represent* that may see in this alleged union a practical surrender of certain trusts, and, what is still more, a certain opportunity of such importance and they at least should have been consulted. The practical result of such fusion is necessarily elimination. Life cannot be boxed and shipped by express. Life is not transferable, even though book plates are. No insurance company, hoping to retain its western constituency, still less to extend its western influence, would transfer a Chicago office, once established, to far off Boston. If there was nothing else to do with this society, it indicates a spiritual depletion and not a physical one. It was an inward debility rather than an outward fulfillment. No, not that so much as another subtle change of front not yet sufficiently understood to be met. There is a work to be done by such a society. There will be raised another set of workers in the west to continue this work.

J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska, was the great farmer in American politics. He lent luster to the cabinet of President Cleveland, and made the cabinet position, the Secretary of the Department of Agriculture, a creative, initiative power, and in this, the hour of his death, the nation awakens to a new realization of his virility and power in these directions but UNITY'S word of supreme gratitude and appreciation will be of the great tree planter. He was the father of "Arbor Day." His most beautiful, as well as tenderest and truest monuments, are the shaded avenues that break the sunny monotony of Nebraska prairies. "Plant trees!" was his injunction in season and out of season. The Elms and Maples, the Pines and the Linden rise up to bless mankind in his name. As we write, the funeral cortege of the greatest Nebraskan is bearing the silent tenement to its final resting place in the bosom of the state he helped create, and which he did so much to beautify. It is not yet too late for all those who loved John Sterling Morton, who have profited by his message and been stimulated by his example, to plant a Morton tree wherever they may be. In the Arbor Day celebrations of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, Iowa and the other states who have awakened to the value of this beautiful festival, let there be one tree set out in the most desirable and fertile corner, let it be a long lived tree, let it receive special care, and let it be known as the "Morton tree of 1902," his death year. Let the story of it be passed from one generation of school children to another, and on each Arbor Day, under its spreading branches, let the story of John Sterling Morton, the tree planter of Nebraska, be gratefully told.

A well-known clergyman, prominent in good works and a leader in thought, writes us: "I think of starting a society whose object will be the disbanding of societies, and then there will be one society more. There is never a day but what some persistent claim comes from a society needing and deserving support." Our friend thus touches upon the weaknesses as well as the strength of our generation. It is an age of combination and co-operation. Therein lies the secret of its triumphs and the glory of its purpose, but it is also the age of superficial organizations, planted on the superficial needs of society, and representing only the passing phases of life. It is an age of secondary societies, societies that are still-born. Their maximum is reached when their constitution and by-laws are formulated. Most of the energy left is spent in electing officers and paying their expenses. The evil touched on by our correspondent can be remedied, not by killing societies, but by a wise selection and concentrating the energies upon those societies that deal with fundamental things that are concerned with lasting interests, and, above all, that are prophetic in their character. Is it not a good rule to put our strength on the causes that are unpopular, work with the weak, espouse the truth before it is strong? Felix Holt chose to follow "those that did not follow the fashions." The maximum power of a society is reached before it has become popular, for generally its popularity has cost it a measure of its virility. Statistics are accumulated by compromise. The sisters at Los Angeles this week that are so agitated over the colored question may well indulge in some reflections of this kind.

Doctor Hirsch said a manly thing to his people in Chicago last Sunday morning. It was a word demanding courage and appealed to the heroic elements in his audience. He said, "My church is for the living and not for the dead. For a long time I have been contemplating a statement to the effect that funeral orations are to be discontinued by me. The religion of Judaism, as set forth in the Bible, is a religion whose object is the betterment of the conditions under which people live. If my people wish me to officiate at the obsequies of their departed ones, I may speak a sermon upon some Biblical text, but no funeral panegyrics will be delivered by me. It is too obvious that churches concern themselves too much with the offices to be rendered to the dead, and preachers are regarded as aids by too many people to the undertakers. The sacred edifices in which they preach are too much like mausoleums, sepulchres of dead beliefs as well as of dead bodies." All these words of our associate are as applicable to the Christians as to the Jews. There are too many people who move in society and affect an interest in morals and religion who seem to have no use for the minister except on funerals and marriage occasions. We believe that those occasions represent tender and profound emotions. They represent solemn experiences, and it is proper that they should be interpreted in the light of the deepest faiths and the highest hopes of the human soul; but they are but passing and inevitable incidents, two points in the life that in the maximum counts on its three score and ten years, and if religion and the church and ministers that represent its outward expression have any meaning and power at all, they should touch the life at other points and apply to the daily living of men and women. It is an unintentiontl indignity to the minister and the interests he represents to call for that expression of religion in death that was ignored and discarded in life. Dr. Hirsch was further right last Sunday when he spoke of the indifference to religious instrumentalities that characterizes the life of Jew and Gentile. This is particularly true of the would-be fashionable and cultivated life of our cities, to whom the church, its ministries and its instrumentalities is but another Social Function, to be patronized when convenient, and to be selected by their external attractions. When the woman selects her church according to the ease of the pew, the tone of the organ, the ability of the choir, the brevity or the sparkle of the sermon, she has put the minister into the same category as that to which her milliner and dressmaker belong. The church represents either a fundamental, primary interest of the soul, or the last and most dispensable of decorations.

Vacation.*

The last book to hand on education is that by C. Hanford Henderson,* who is, we believe, on the teaching staff of the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, and the head of the unique and very successful summer camp for boys, known under the name of Marienfeld, in the state of Pennsylvania. This is a book quite after our own heart, so fresh, so independent, so frank in its criticism, so bold and yet so modest in its suggestions, and so modern in its standpoint. It looks at education not as a means of getting a living, or that other motive scarcely less selfish, the means of developing one's self; but education is to him a process of social elevation, it is the fitting of the individual into corporate life of the community; it is, indeed, not a preparation for life, but it is life itself. Each one of its eleven chapters are fertile in suggestions and stimulating to the conscience as well as the mind. The topics are suggestive and tempting, viz: The Point of View, The Social Purpose, The Source of Power, Organic Education, Cause and Effect, Childhood, Youth, Holidays, At the University, An Experimental Age, Agents of the Social Purpose. Each of these chapters provoke editorial comment, and some of them, we hope, will receive such in the future numbers of UNITY. This week we confine ourselves to some comment upon the very suggestive chapter entitled, "Holidays," forty-two or forty-three pages packed with wisdom. Here are some sample sentences:

"A holiday is not a thing to waste, it is a day to make the very most of."

"To be successful our holiday making must be continuous."

"I do not propose to stop the wheels of enterprise, but only to have them spin more merrily and more sanely. The work of the world would get done easily enough, even if life were an unending holiday; that is, all the work that is worth doing, for rightly understood, work is the greatest fun of all the fun that is."

The best, perhaps the most, work "is done not from the pressure of want, but in obedience to that inner necessity

*"Education and the Larger Life," by C. Hanford Henderson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Pp. 386, $1.30 net.

which makes activity a condition of health and happiness."

"A true state normal school ought to devote seven-eighths of its time to the enlightenment of fathers and mothers and one-eighth to the narrower pedagogy of the school."

"Pleasure is not a commodity, a sort of a sweet bun that you can buy at the baker's for a penny, it is the quality, and like all human qualities, has its degrees of moral worth and worthlessness."

"At their best the holiday and the school day are identical."

"Some very noble people board, but the majority of those that board are not noble and are not suitable companions for children."

"Whether then the long summer vacation is an advantage even to the children who are spending it in the country depends upon how they are spending it, and above all, with whom they are spending it."

"Holidays and work and school are simply the best possible spending of the days, then they must be, ought to be and are one and the same thing. They must be the terms of a common purpose, th modes by which we realize the social good."

The spirit and method of the article and the book is indicated by these quotations. Mr. Henderson's contention is that there is an inordinate proportion of the years in a child's life given to what are designated as "holidays" and "vacations;" that these, as now used, are a menace to the growth of the child and oftentimes the source of serious disintegration physically, mentally and morally.

At the present time he shows us that our public schools run only about 180 days out of the 365 in the year, and private schools shorten that by thirty days. "As a rule, the more expensive the school, the shorter the total session." And even in Massachusetts the actual attendance on the school is 143½ days out of the 180. In spite of this very short school session many break down under it completely, and the teachers also. Occupied only half the year, as a class the teachers present "less than the normal strength and vigor, and the expression, "A broken-down teacher," rouses "only that faint sympathy that we give to old age and other unavoidable calamities." The obvious lesson of all this is effectively developed. There is too little pleasure in our work time and too little work in our pleasure time. The true ideal is of a continuous school, and all of it is so arranged that it will be joyous, varied, stimulating.

This is an article which should command the careful study of parents, that they may realize the terrible social failure of their homes, their criminal failure of providing "rational occupation for their children during at least a part of their long holiday time." The parents who simply provide for a long idleness for their children in the country, thinking their duty done when there is an adequate provision made for fresh air, good water and the *deshabille* abandon that breeds laziness, indulgence and impertinence, have not done well by their children. Such children are more unfortunate than the boys and girls whom they pity, that must needs be kept busy in the garden, in the kitchen, aye even alas in the mill or the store, for the physical hardships and dangers of these positions are more than compensated by the joys of action, the sense of companionship and the satisfaction of work well done.

Prof. Henderson takes a hopeful view of the future. Certainly the direction in which solution is to come is here clearly indicated, however far away the solution may be. The number of *summer-homes* are to increase, the money now wasted on hotels and "Resorts" is to be invested in such lands and houses as will make a home to the family, with a home environment, home tasks and consequently home growths. While these are coming there will be a growth of summer camps, summer and vacation schools for boys and girls, as well as for men and women, where the aim will be simplicity, not style, quiet and retirement, not excitement and crowds, regular employment of mind and body, not indolence and gossip, and all this in the interest of rest, renewal and growth, not as is commonly estimated, so much more work to be avoided. The great summer months, the laboratory months of nature, are too valuable to be wasted in dressing and joking. Golf, tennis, etc., are delightful incidents in the summer life, but they become terrible bores, if not something worse, when followed as the chief business through two months of mortal time.

We would not weaken the power of this book or lessen the general application of this editorial by local application or specific suggestion, but in the way of concrete illustration we venture the remark that Marienfeld in Pennsylvania and the Tower Hill Summer School in Wisconsin (See second page of this paper, April 24,) are significant attempts towards the wiser solution of the vacation problem, illustrations of the better way. May they be studied, patronized, and multiplied increasingly.

The Artist and His Picture.

A master had painted many pictures, very many pictures, and the wonder was so many had been produced. His studio was filled with them. Many were shown in lovely light and were in beautiful frames—so visitors cried out with exclamations of joy to see them. They were very wonderful and nothing said of them equalled the reality.

Here were pictures of men and women of the highest order, some of kings and princes, and some of the poor. The wonder was that the loveliest of all was of the poorest of men.

And then there were pictures of great beauty that were placed away in corners away out of sight, and it was one of these that began to complain to one on the easel. It said: "I think it is a shame that I should be shoved in darkness and cobwebs like this. I am just as suited as you to be looked at and admired. I can't see that there is any right or justice in this!"

The other replied: "I indeed am in the light, but it is not for myself that I am so placed. It is to show the skill of the master. You are painted by the same power, and for that you ought to be glad. A thing may be beautiful and not made famous—but it is still beautiful. Now, by as much as I am admired so are you—we are one as coming from the same hand, therefore be glad for me and not rebellious or envious—your day will come in due time. The master has not forgotten you, and he cannot despise his own work."

"Perhaps," said the other, "I was a bit hasty in my complaint. I ought not to growl, but it takes so much patience to learn to wait the will of the master to place us in the light!"

And even men have thought the same thing of the good God and the way they are disposed of while only the outline of their life is sketched in. Were it not wise to be patient with the process of our divine completing?

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

THE PULPIT.

The Book of Jonah. "A Tract for the Times." Then and Now.

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Delivered in All Souls Church, Chicago, April 27, 1902.

The Book of Jonah has been the one book in the Bible that has been treated flippantly, even at the hands of the friends of the Bible. The grotesque story of the whale giving rise to measureless humor. It is the one unfailing biblical joke in the hands of the scoffer. It has been a despair and a perplexity in the hands of the believer. No book in the Bible suffers so in the hands of the literalist and the believer in an infallible literal revelation. No book in the Bible profits so much by the conclusions of what is called the higher criticism. Scholarship has reclaimed the book of Jonah, has changed it from a caricature of divine providence into a splendid vindication of the ways of God to man. The scholars have given to this book a character full of tenderness and a world-claiming truth. It was indeed a tract for the times when written, and when understood in its proper light it is still a tract for our time. The message it then carried is a message still needed.

To understand this book at all, we must realize that it is literature and not dogma, that it was, when written even, an old-time story used to elucidate a new-time problem. Some prophet-bard, weary of the externalism that surrounded him, the materialism of the piety, the intensity of the bigotry that cursed the religion of his age, used an old bed-time story, a grandmother tale of an ancient hero to insinuate a better way, a larger truth and to kindle a true missionary spirit.

Three or more hundred years before this book was written, according to the brief chronicle found in the 14th chapter, second book of Kings and the 25th verse, during the reign of Jeroboam of Israel, there lived "Jonah, son of Amittai, a prophet of Gath-Hepher." This would put him into that first line of early prophets, before the age of writing, a dim, shadowy figure of the school and time of Elijah and Elisha. This is the only allusion to him outside of the book of Jonah in the Old Testament. The author uses the name and traditions of this eighth century character to carry a fifth century message to the people who revered the name. A similar use was made of the old-time names of Job, Solomon and Ruth and Daniel by writers of about this same time. This was the situation.

The Jews had lived through the bitter experience of the Babylonish exile. They had lost their capital city. The threats of the elder prophets had come true. The result of the exile was to stiffen the race consciousness, to embitter their prejudices against other races, there was a still further growth of their tribal conceit and the resulting assumption that they were the chosen of God, the favored children of Yahveh, and the few that won their way back to Jerusalem under the more liberal rule of the Persians, went back as zealots. During the exile there had grown up a priestly order, committed to ritualism and enamored of forms. On their return the forlorn condition of the dismantled city, the impoverished nature of the country, its barrenness and abandoned fields did not distress these ritualists so much as the fact that there they found many of their kinsmen, Hebrews who were living at peace with their Canaanitish neighbors; Israelites living in loving harmony with wives of the tribes of Moab, Ammon or Philistia. These half-breeds were to these priestly colonists abominations, and these gentile wives, however loving and loyal, were a trial to them and as they thought an abomination to the Lord. To this lack of clannish loyalty, of tribal purity, did they ascribe the slow restoration of the temple, the halting contributions for the restoration of the city. Read the account of Ezra and Nehemiah, the captains of the restoration-band, and realize how intense was their anxiety for the "social purity (?)" and respectability of the new community, how fearful they were of the taint of alien blood, how strenuously they insisted on the aristocracy of birth, the divine pre-eminence of their nation over surrounding nations, how sure they were that they represented the blood to whom was to be entrusted the future well being of all the world. They were *"the people,"* culture and refinement waited upon them and no calamity could be greater than that which would follow an obliteration of this race line, a social leveling of the barriers, an intermarriage with other nations. This conceit of race, this dogmatic passion for social exclusiveness reached its high water mark in the writings of the unknown author of the last six chapters of the book assigned to Zechariah. These chapters were written about this time. This zealot seems little troubled about the iniquity of his own people, their degradation and brutality. He is the complacent missionary who is sure that "Yahveh is on our side but against everybody else"; he fairly revels in gore. His sentences, terse and strong, are bloody, and mean though powerful. Here is a man who had gone daft in his ecclesiastical conceits, who has developed the worst phase of piety, the dogmatic arrogance that is cock-sure that he is in the right and all other folks are in the wrong. Faith in God is great, but when it runs into dogmatic confidence that our poor finite judgments are identical with the decrees of the Almighty, then it becomes a tremendous burden in the world.

It is in such a strait as this that the prophet must always set himself against the priest, the poet pleads with the theologian. Listen to this proud fanatic who represented the spirit that demanded that every devout Jew should put away his wife, however faithful, if she were not of the household of Israel, that he should deny his own children and put them from him in order that he might be acceptable to the Lord. Says this fanatic:

> "In that day will I make the chieftains of Judah like a pan of fire among wood, like a torch of fire among sheaves; and they shall devour all the peoples round about on the right hand and on the left, and Jerusalem shall yet again dwell in her own place, even in Jerusalem. The Lord shall save the tents of Judah first. * * * And it shall come to pass in that day that I will seek to destroy all the nations that come against Jerusalem. * * * Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts; smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered; and I will turn mine hands upon the little ones. And it shall come to pass, that in all the land, saith the Lord, two parts therein shall be cut off and die; but the third shall be left therein. And I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried; they shall call on my name, and I will hear them: I will say, It is my people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God."

There was another spirit moving in the hearts of some of the Babylonian exiles. There were scholars and bards there who brooded over their bitter experience with higher results. They came to feel the narrowness of their claim, the universality of God's truth. They were the Universalists of those days, and they are always the hope of the world. The first and greatest of all these was the great unknown whose writings appear in the last twenty-six chapters of Isaiah. These writings represent the high water mark of Hebrew poetry, the consolation of the reformer and the inspiration of the philosopher for all times and places. He was the prophet of the "contrite heart," the poet of the Lord who "recompenses his enemies," he that "gave power to the faint" and "whose arm was not shortened." "Yea, even they that

dwell in the far isles of the sea were his." To this line of scholars belonged the writer in the fourth chapter of Micah who predicted the time "when the Lord should judge between many peoples," when he should "reprove the strong nations afar off," and they shall "beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

The author of the book of Jonah probably lived at the storm center of dogmatism, in Jerusalem, when they were trying to restore the temple. He took perchance an old grandmother story, a bed-time hero, and wove his little novelette around it for the purpose of neutralizing the narrowness which he could not affect by direct assault. By an indirection like that of Abraham Lincoln he said in substance." You remind me of an old story about one of our old prophets by the name of Jonah," and so he made his little tract, telling the story of the Lord's summons to the prophet to go to far-off Nineveh, some 400 miles away, and preach even there the message of righteousness. But the faint-hearted prophet shrank from so hopeless and so plebeian a task, and instead he ran away in the other direction; determined to go as far away from the commission as possible he started for Tarshish in farther-off Spain. But he could not get away from the Almighty; the commission folowed him, through the turbulence of the sea and the interposing whale, he is brought back to his duty and starts haltingly upon his high commission, and contrary to his expectation those bad Ninevites are not so bad as his creed had made them. They were vulnerable to the higher appeal and he was wroth because the Almighty would not vindicate his pessimism. Thus, while his heart was hard against the great city, with pitiable inconsistency he mourned over the death of a petty gourd, a cucumber vine that had grown up in the night to shelter his sun-smitten head, and he thought the Lord was unkind to him and the gourd. Then comes the magnificent rebuke, the great poetic climax, the pith of the sermon, the point of the story:

"And the Lord said, Thou hast had pity on the gourd, for the which thou hast not labored, neither madest it grow; which came up in a night, and perished in a night; and should I not have pity on Nineveh, that great city; wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle?"

Here then is our tract for the times, a little sermon written against dogmatism, a rebuke to narrowness, an appeal for brotherhood, not only for the far-off Ninevites, the helpless women and children, the non-combatants over "ten years of age" as well as under, aye and the very cattle of the field. What withering sarcasm the splendid old bard indulged in, albeit he must mask this hot word on a hot question behind an old time story, at least preach the lesson of the fifth century through a parable of the eighth century B. C., when he brought the sentimental, gushing imbecility of this man's piety into contrast with the great universal benignancy of God's law, the all-embracing power of his love. Here is this man who mourns the death of his gourd, questioning the righteousness of a God that would allow a worm to destroy his vine of a night, but is indignant because the Almighty takes thought of and refuses to destroy the great city with a diameter of three days' journey long, wherein are more than "sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand, and also much cattle." Note the much cattle. Here is really the founder of the society for prevention of cruelty to animals. Here is the father of the Peace Society, the author of the first free religious tract, the great humanitarian. Out of the same time and for the same purpose, for aught we know, from the same pen, came the story of Ruth as a sly rebuke to the bumptious boast of pure blood, Mayflower descent, which ventured the hint that their own boasted hero-king David was descended from a Moabitish maiden. He was the great-grandchild of Ruth, a maiden perchance of more color, and for aught we know, kinky hair, or the social and ethnological equivalent of these characteristics for that time and place.

But what of the whale? I do not care what you do with the whale, only so you do not use it as a flippant joke to parry this high lesson and to disarm this precious tract as good and as timely now as then. Probably the whale was no such stumbling block to those for whom the tract was written as it is for our day. The wise ones at least saw through the parable and got at the lesson. To them Israel was probably the Jonah who refused the high prophetic mission of carrying the message of true religion to the pagan world the other way instead. Israel was consequently thrown into the sea of trouble, and Babylon like a great whale swallowed it alive, and out of the belly of that captivity borne upwards on the wings of prayer rose the beautiful psalm movements which record the exile days, and in due time they were thrown back onto their own shore and given another chance, another missionary commission. Will they be equal to it now or will they waste their strength on gourd culture and worry about transient and passing things while the great opportunity is still theirs of making common cause with the God of the Universe and preaching the great message of salvation through character, the redemption of righteousness, the old prophetic vision which was and is the heart of Judaism?

Now, do not you begin to have some respect for the whale? Go home and study the whole story in this light, and realize something of the feeling of Karl Heinrich Cornill, the German scholar who says:

"I have read the Book of Jonah at least a hundred times, and I will publicly avow, for I am not ashamed of my weakness, that I cannot even now take up this marvelous book, nay, nor even speak of it, without the tears rising to my eyes, and my heart beating higher. This apparently trivial book is one of the deepest and grandest that was ever written, and I should like to say to every one who approaches it, 'Take off thy shoes, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.' In this book Israelitic prophecy quits the scene of battle as victor, and as victor in its severest struggle—that against self. In it the prophecy of Israel succeeded, as Jeremiah expresses it in a remarkable and well-known passage, in freeing the precious from the vile and in finding its better self again."

Prof. Cheyne the great English scholar, puts this book alongside of the great unknown poet who wrote what he calls the "Songs on the Servant." He says:

"The latter writer had a fellow-worker in that accomplished narrator who, partly on a basis of folk-lore, composed the story of Jonah. Jonah, the son of Amittai, was a missionary prophet, who was at first untrue to his vocation, but afterwards went to Nineveh, and sought, not unsuccessfully, to move its bloodthirsty people to repentance. He is intended as a type of the people of Israel, which in the olden time had neglected its missionary calling and as a punishment had been swallowed up by the dragon Babylon, but was now liberated, and summoned once more to perform its duty."

Renan says: "It is the only book of the Hebrew literature upon which one might be led to joke a little. * * *

"From a literary point of view the book of Jonah is quite unique. It is a caricature, although its predominant thought is very serious."

Now then that the character of the book and the nature of its message is before us, let us ask, what is the matter with Jonah? He is not hard to understand, he is a very familiar character. Five prominent characteristics stand out in Jonah and they are apparent in all the members of the tribe of Jonah.

1. He is struck with race blindness. He is suffering from social conceit. He is a Brahmin who thinks that he is descended from the stock that was born out of the head of Brahm, while the rest of mankind

emerged from the arms, trunk, thighs and feet. He is a "F. F. V." He thinks he belongs to the First Families of Virginia, and if his pedigree reaches Pocahontas, an Indian maid, all the better if she is only far enough back. He is a "D. A. R." "A Daughter of the Revolution," consequently of superior standing. To continue nineteenth century parallels he is an Anglo-Saxon, of the "dominant race," the "coming power," to whom "dominion is guaranteed by the very tongue he speaks." If a very young man at the university, he is a member of a Greek letter society which beyond all dispute holds the brightest students. The Jonah sisters are members of the leading club, to gain admission to which is very difficult, and once obtained it is sufficient evidence of ability, refinement and respectability.

Oh, the conceit of all this, the assumption of superiority based on accidents of birth and the pretenses of society.

2. Jonah was a dogmatist. He was "orthodox." He *knew* the secrets of the Almighty and was a stickler for the creed. He was untouched with the humility of a saint or the breadth of a philosopher. He had made his own little diagram of the kingdom and mistook it for a plat of God's country. Oh, the absurdities into which bigotry leads. It would seem as though nothing less than a sojourn in the belly of a fish will cure souls smitten with the conceit of bigotry, the foolishness of dogmatism. There, if nowhere else, they may learn, as Jonah did, to forsake their light vanities. When the "waters compass them about" and "weeds are wrapped around their heads," when the "waves and the billows pass over them," then if they call unto the Lord, He may bring them up out of the pitiful pit.

3. Jonah was smitten with a greed for accomplishments. All the Jonah tribe have a passion for statistics. They want to be able to point to the completed wall around the new Jerusalem, to count the towers thereof, and to tabulate their communicants. This passion for organization, this hunger for statistics, this devotion to by-laws, this anxiety about constitutions, the pride of office, are all true ear-marks of the Jonah tribe. How could he waste time to go up to Nineveh with only a love message in his heart and an intangible truth on his tongue? He was needed on the restoration job in Jerusalem. He was wanted on the finance committee of the reconstruction board. He had mistaken numbers for truth.

4. As a result of all this he was a coward, as well he might be, and as all those whose credentials rest on traditional and external accidents are apt to be. The fool may well be solicitous about his pedigree. If by any chance he can run a line back to Solomon it is a consolation to him. The silly woman may well be anxious over her ancestry, for doubtless, if she runs the line far enough she will strike a sensible woman or man somewhere in the line. The "Society Woman" may well be punctilious about etiquette, because these may be the only distinctive marks that will save her from being one of the crowd. There is no foundation for real heroism, no courage, except that which is planted in the thought of the eternal and the universal.

5. Lastly, Jonah was very ready to die for trifles. He was quite willing to be thrown overboard, and all the time while in the belly of the whale he was very penitent, and then again, when he found that the Almighty was not going to see his little threat to Nineveh through, that instead of visiting destruction upon these pagans he was "A gracious God, full of compassion, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy," then life was not worth living to Jonah, he prayed the Lord to take his life from him "for it is better for me to die than to live." And again when his little cucumber vine was bitten by a worm he was discouraged. Jonah requested for himself that he might die, and said: "It is better for me to die than to live." Shame on you, Jonah. Shame on anybody who has no more stuff in him than this. Where is your boasted superiority? Where is all your conceit of birth and faith? To be willing to die for a great cause, to carry one's life in his hand, so to speak, in the face of tremendous issues, is noble, but to want to die rather than to be laughed at, to grow pale at the thought of being unpopular, to be ashamed of being found out because of being in the wrong, that is the characteristic of a small soul.

These then are the characteristics of Jonah: conceit of birth, the bigotry of ignorance, the greed for success, pride of statistics, the lack of courage to do great things, the readiness to die when one ought to be full of the lust of life, rejoicing in the strength of high causes and the inspiration of difficult tasks. These were the defects that prevented Jonah from becoming the great missionary that was needed, rendering him deaf to the high missionary call that sounded in his ears.

Dare I carry this Jonah sermon further? I have said this book was a tract for to-day as it was for the day in which it was written. Is not the priest setting himself against the prophet now as then? Are we not today smitten with the pride of birth, the conceit of race, of speech, of flag? Much that passes for partiotism today is simply national narrowness, race pride enshrined in a halo. Under this seemingly fair emblem the mighty British empire is today trying to stamp out the life of a far-off little band of herders, rustic farmers in Africa, the chief warrant for which, when reduced to the simplest terms, is in the claim that the great English empire is called of God to carry his truth and his grace to all peoples, that indeed they are the people in league with science and enamored of culture, and that because of their refinement these B-o-e-r-s must succumb to them because they are b-o-o-r-s.

And I must speak again of the humiliation nearer home. Wherein lies the warrant for the confessed order to those who carry the flag dedicated to liberty, consecrated by the blood of those who died that freedom might become organic and liberty the birthright of all, to pillage and burn, to slaughter all men, women and children over ten years of age; the crowning cruelty lies in the limiting line of ten; why spare the helpless babes for future degradation and torture? Why this horrible reversion to medieval torture, the unspeakable cruelty of the "water-cure," more exquisite in its torturing power than the rack or iron maiden of Torquemada, for those clumsy engines of the Spanish inquisition promptly over-reached their mark, they did their work too well and brought insensibility and death with prompt benignity, but here the victim of American torture is surcharged with water of which he is emptied once, twice or more times, and he survives to suffer the pangs of outraged dignity and insulted manhood infinitely more terrible than any pain that can come from the distended stomach into which has been pumped the extorting, as well as the distorting water. Oh, the Jonah parallel is too painful to the last. Jonah, thy name today is Funston and all of his representatives who in the name of the flag resent all charity and all pity for these poor benighted Ninevites of the Philippine Islands. Even men so high in public confidence and esteem as Judge Taft and President Schurmann, must not speak well of these Ninevites, for in so doing they rebuke the Jonah hosts and weaken the power of their arms, are disloyal to their country. For has not Jonah in the

name of the Lord declared that this Nineveh will be overthrown in forty days because these people are so barbarous and uncivilized? And lo, Jonah is exceedingly displeased and angry when he sees the confidence that these Ninevites inspire that they have a disposition to pray unto God to turn from their evil ways and avert the violence threatened.

One more and last application of the Jonah tract to the life of today.

Even now all the great trunk railways of this country groan with their long "Saratoga Trunk Specials" bound for Los Angeles, carrying their precious freight, animate and inanimate, there to meet the great issue which threatens the peace, if not in many ways the organic life of the great Federation of Women's Clubs of the United States. What is the great question that excites the anxiety and awakens the deep solicitations of the fair and favored women of America? Why, the awful question as to whether a woman with any drop of African blood in her veins will be permitted to sit in the councils of this great conclave of twentieth century women. We are told that this is not a question of morals or of religion, that it is a "Social Question." I promptly anticipate the retort that it is a feminine question, a question about which a man cannot judge and should not speak, particularly a question which a meddlesome minister ought to keep hands off because it is none of his business. All this is subterfuge and sophistry, however ingenuous and single-minded they may be who put forth this claim. In the last analysis it is exactly the same old question which drove Jonah towards Tarshish when he ought to have gone towards Nineveh. It is the same old question which caused Jonah to grieve when he found the Ninevites going heaven-ward instead of traveling hell-ward as he predicted, and as his logic required. It is the same moral confusion which led Jonah to be so concerned about the life and well being of the gourd which he had trailed over his own litle booth while he was so indifferent to the life of the "sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand, and also much cattle."

Far be it from me to be disrespectful to these sisters, all of whom I honor and for so many of whom I have personal love and respect, but let not these sisters take themselves too seriously, let them beware of the conceit of organization and the lust of figures. The cause of progress will be little effected by their vote one way or another. It is not the fate of the colored woman, socially, morally or religiously that is in jeopardy or on trial, but these white women themselves, in their corporate capacity are to be weighed in God's balances in the fair month of May, and their corporate power for good, their boasted claim of leadership is to be more or less determined by their deliberations. Let them not flatter themselves that they are dealing with secondary questions, and that their vote, whichever way it goes, will not be a contribution to the philosophy of history and that it will have no direct bearing upon the future power of woman in her collective capacity. There is no "society" question and no "society" interests that are not ethical questions and ethical interests. Wherever the colored woman may be left, however her blood may be found, tainted and bleached by the white man with whom many of these timid women willingly or unwillingly associate, you may be sure that God's smile and His redeeming pity and the lifting power of His love tabernacles with the colored woman, however the Jonah sisters may sulk outside this redeemable Nineveh of alien blood. Let not these sisters be overanxious for the respectability of their Jerusalem architecture or their new temple. Let them not be too boastful of their startling statistics. All these belong to the priesthood and not the prophecy of religion. The priests rejoice over "majorities" and glory in triumphant "elections," and flaunt their successful "preambles and resolutions," but the prophets find peace in their defeats, gain their strength by their *minorities*, rest in their *unpopularity* because they know that "one with God is in the majority," though that one be a runaway slave and cased in the blackest of skins. No parade of gowns, no exhibit of names and of culture, no leadership in society, in art, or in letters, can excuse a silly reactionary method or make scientific the inherited prejudices and the shallow generalizations, that ignore the fundamental truth; that every soul, be it that of black woman or white woman, of Jew or Christian, rich or poor, must be estimated by itself and of itself alone, and that the only way to save the colored race from being the debauched victims of a debauching and paralyzing white element, is to lift that race into the confidence and the respect and the fellowship that any one of them at any time may prove capable and worthy of.

I have not dragged in politics, American statesmanship, or the social perplexities of American women into my pulpit this morning, I have but tried to carry the eternal gospel of God's loving fatherhood and universal brotherhood, such as tipped with fire the pen of the old prophet and bard who penned the book of Jonah, into the three most obtrusive public questions of our day, because I believe that they are cases in point and that the call upon us and the call upon you my young friends in this assembly, is the call that came to Jonah, to arise in the might of your pure faith, in the strength of your more perfect vision and go forth and declare the universality of God's love and to apply the same in high missionary courage. True religion is always a missionary religion. Beware of those things that blunt your primary enthusiasm, be they the young woman's concern for dress and social functions, or the young man's indulgence in the stupefying cup or the soporific cigar. Beware of them!

Alas for the young men and women of today who find themselves in this great throbbing century without an enthusiasm, without a high missionary passion, without a readiness to suffer, to spend and be spent for a cause! Oh, young men and women, hear the call to Jonah ring in your ears. Go to Nineveh and cry against its wickedness! Beware how you flee towards Tarshish. You cannot escape the presence of the Lord. His great wind is upon the sea and you must sooner or later face your duty and go to Nineveh, though it be by the way of a whale's belly. Stand up young men and women, do not be afraid of anything, except that you may be found on the side where God is not in these great issues of life.

The Unitarian Club.

Will dine Thursday, May eighth, at 6:30 p. m. sharp, at the Auditorium Hotel. The ladies are especially invited to be present. The occasion will be an informal one and will offer an unusual opportunity to do honor to the two most distinguished Unitarians living, Edward Everett Hale and Robert Collyer, both octogenarians.

Tickets may be obtained not later than Wednesday noon, May 7th, of any member of the Committee, or at the Unitarian Headquarters, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, or from the Secretary in attendance at the Unitarian Conference, at a dollar and a half per plate. Seats will not be reserved for anyone who has not obtained a ticket in advance.

M. D. Hull, E. S. Talbot, C. D. Wescott, C. K. Pittman, W. G. Gordon, Committee.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

W. L. SHELDON,

Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

PART IV.

CONQUERING THE LAND OF CANAAN.

XXIX.

Crossing the Jordan Under the Leadership of Joshua.

We have come now to the time when the Children of Israel were to enter the Promised Land. They had been waiting, wandering about for forty years in the Wilderness, as you remember. Moses had died after having looked out on the Promised Land from the top of Mount Pizgah.

Everything had changed since the time when the Israelites had crossed the Red Sea, chased by the soldiers of the King of Egypt. All the grown men who had gone over that sea at that time, were now dead. Those who could look back upon what happened then, could only recall it as a memory of their childhood.

I must tell you now how they entered the Land of Canaan, and what they had to do there. While we speak of them as the *Children* of Israel, you can see that many of them were quite along in years; perhaps some of them with gray hair; they had had to go through a great deal there in the Wilderness, and they had learned much through hard experience. They had had anything but an easy time of it. But, in this way, they had learned how to obey rules, and to do as they were told to do. This was what came the hardest for them, and that is why they had not been allowed before this time to go over into the Promised Land.

I wonder if you have ever heard about the way we usually speak of the Israelites of those days? I mean by this, the way they were divided up. It may be that you have heard of the Twelve Tribes of Israel. In my story I have not said much before about these twelve tribes; because when the people had crossed the Red Sea, forty years before, they were just one grat crowd of hundrds of thousands of men, women and children, being led by Moses and Aaron. But during the time of waiting in that Wilderness, they had been divided up into what we call "tribes;" that is to say, those who had descended from *one* of the sons of Jacob were called after that son's name; and all those who had descended from another son, were called after that other son's name. And since Jacob had had twelve sons, you see there would be twelve tribes. There was a "Tribe of Judah," and the "Tribe of Benjamin," and the "Tribe of Simeon," and the "Tribe of Dan," and all the other tribes. The leader of them all now was Joshua.

They had come to the borders of Canaan, where they could look over and see the land to which they were going; but the first thing they had to do was to cross a great river. I do not mean by this, a river as great as the Mississippi or the Amazon. Yet, we have heard so much about it, and its name has been spoken of so many times in the history of the world, that somehow one always thinks of it as something "great." It was a narrow stream, although at certain times in the year, very deep and swift. I have already told you something about it in the other stories, which you will remember. I am sure that you have not forgotten about Abraham and Lot, and how Lot had chosen the Plain of the "Jordan." And it is this River Jordan which we are now talking about.

You see, the Children of Israel had come back at last to the borders of the very land where their forefather Abraham lived hundreds of years before. Already at that time it was promised to Abraham for his family by the Lord, the Ruler of the World; and now the descendants of Abraham, all these hundreds of thousands of people, were beginning to see how this promise was to be kept. They had been away from this country for a long, long while, so that I fancy they would have felt more at home in Egypt than now in the Land of Canaan. But they were only too glad to think that they should come to this new country, because here they could be a free people, whereas in Egypt they had been slaves.

I like to picture to myself that vast army of people waiting there on the other side of the River Jordan, with their leader Joshua, until the word should be given for them to pass over. They had learned patience, and stood ready to follow the command of Joshua.

You might suppose that they were dreaming of crossing that river and settling down *at once* in that rich country where that great bunch of grapes had come from, the land "flowing with milk and honey." But no, they had no such dreams. They had not forgotten what those spies or messengers, who had been over there and seen the country, had told them; how there were giants in that country, and mighty men of valor, and how they would have to fight for a long while before they would be able to conquer the land and settle there.

And while they were waiting, that great army of people, with the little children, boys and girls, wondering what was going to happen, and the fathers and mothers thoughtful over all that was before them, the word came to Joshua, as we are told, bidding him to lead the people over the Jordan. And this is what was said to Joshua: "Moses my servant is dead; now therefore arise, go over this Jordan, thou and all this people, unto the land which I do give them, even to the Children of Israel. Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, to you have I given it, as I spake unto Moses. There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life; as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee. I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. Be strong, and of good courage; for thou shalt cause this people to inherit the land which I sware unto their fathers to give them. Only be strong and very courageous, to observe to do according to all the law which Moses my servant commanded thee; turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest have good success whithersoever thou goest. Then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and thou shalt have good success. Be strong and of good courage; be not affrighted, neither be thou dismayed."

I know you will be glad to have heard how all this was said to Joshua, because it shows what a brave, good, strong, noble old soldier Joshua must have been. We could see that the people could trust him, just as the Lord over All trusted him. And so whenever we think about the Children of Israel entering the Promised Land, we always think how they were led by this brave soldier, Joshua. You know, whenever a man is to be a leader, he has to make himself trusted, otherwise the people will not follow him; and Joshua was a great leader, because he showed that he could be trusted.

As soon as Joshua heard these words, and the command had come to him, at once he set about doing whatever had to be done so that the people might march at once. They had to get ready for their jour-

ney, taking their food with them, and all their possessions.

And this is what Joshua said to the officers of the people: "Pass through the midst of the camp, and command the people, saying, Prepare you food, for within three days ye are to pass over this Jordan, to go in to possess the land."

Now, it so happened that two or three of the tribes were to be allowed to stay on that side of the Jordan, because the country was rich there. They were not, however, to be allowed to remain behind as yet, but were first to help the rest of the tribes in conquering the land on the other side of the river. They were all one people, and they were to fight together and serve each other. And so Joshua said to these special tribes: "Your wives and your little ones and your cattle shall abide in this land on this side of the Jordan; but ye shall pass over before your brethren armed, all the mighty sons of valor, and shall help them; until your brethren find rest and have possessed the land promised to them. Then ye shall return unto this land of your possession, and possess it."

What do you suppose they said in answer to Joshua? I am sure if it had been the Children of Israel forty years before, they would have refused and said no, being afraid, or else selfishly unwilling to take the risks asked of them. We never forget how the Children of Israel in those former times, had kept wishing for the "flesh pots of Egypt" when they could not have their own way.

But now it was different. It is plain enough why those people should have been kept there all those years in the Wilderness, being educated. This is what they said to Joshua: "All that thou hast commanded us we will do, and whithersoever thou sendest us we will go. According as we hearkened unto Moses in all things, so will we hearken unto thee. Whosoever he be that shall rebel against thy commandment, and shall not hearken unto thy words in all that thou commandest him, he shall be put to death; only be strong and of a good courage."

The three days had passed and everything was ready for the march. But as this was to be a great event, which Joshua wished to be remembered for all future time, he wanted that everything should be very solemn about it. The people were not to rush ahead just as they pleased, finding their way as best they could across the river, and over into the new country. First a number of the priests were to take the Ark and carry it before them into the river. When they came to the middle of the river they were to stand there and wait, holding the ark, while all the people passed by on to the other side.

And so the officers said to the people: "When ye see the Ark, and the priests bearing it, then ye shall remove from your place and go after it. Yet there shall be a space between you and it about two thousand cubits by measure. Come not near unto it, but let it first go before you, that ye may know the way by which ye must go; for ye have not passed this way heretofore."

And Joshua spoke to the priests, saying: "Take up the Ark and pass over before the people."

Then the priests did as they were told, and went ahead with the ark until they had come into the river, and there they stood, waiting solemnly, while all the vast number of people passed over to the other side. I suppose the fathers and mothers carried their little children in their arms, while the older boys and girls followed close behind. Each tribe was going by itself; until at last all were on the other side.

But now that they had all safely reached the other bank of the river, and were actually standing on ground which was a part of the Land of Canaan, it was very important that something should be done to mark the spot where they had come over, and to leave a kind of memorial there. This would be something which people in after times might see. And when they looked upon it they would say to themselves, this was where our forefathers crossed the Jordan and first entered the Promised Land.

It all had to be done very solemnly. And so the Lord over All said to Joshua: "Take you twelve men out of the people, out of every tribe a man, and command ye them, saying, take you hence out of the midst of Jordan, out of the place where the priests' feet stood firm, twelve stones, and carry them over with you, and lay them down in the lodging place where ye shall lodge this night."

Then Joshua called the twelve men whom he had chosen, out of every tribe a man, and he said to them: "Take you up every man of you a stone upon his shoulder, according unto the number of the tribes of the children of Israel."

And the twelve men took up twelve stones out of the midst of Jordan, and they carried them over with them unto the place where they lodged, and laid them down there. And in this way they placed their memorial beside the river Jordan, to show the place where the people had crossed over.

To THE TEACHER: At this point turn back and have the children recall the narrative when the promise we are speaking of was made, running over the incidents connected with it. Emphasize the importance of the preparations which were going on and the reasons for them. Dwell upon the point about being obedient to rules and how much trouble came because the Children of Israel did not learn this sooner. The language used to Joshua and the words to the people might be recited aloud by the children. Touch upon the excited feelings of the people now that the great movement was at hand and they were actually to enter the Land of Canaan. Show a picture of the river Jordan; and also one of the Plain of the Jordan.

MEMORY VERSES: *I will not fail thee nor forsake thee. Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed.*

All that thou hast commanded us we will do; wheresoever thou sendest us we will go.

Higher Living. XXVII.

And with the low strife came the little mind.—*Browning.*

A moral being must develop himself, choose his own ideals, and take part in shaping his own creation.—*G. H. Palmer.*

If thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee, but keeping the divine part pure, as if thou shouldst be bound to give it back immediately; if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to nature, and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

In connection with prevailing ideas concerning the curse attached to work, two pictures come vividly to mind. One is Holbein's "Plowman," with its barren field, its poor cabins, worn-out horses, and the son of toil himself as ragged as he is sodden-faced and heartcheerless. Underneath the picture is this legend:

> "By the sweat of thy weary face,
> Thou shalt maintain thy wretched life,"

giving fit interpretation to the spectral jig that grim Death dances, in order, seemingly, to make the laborer sure of his misery beyond quibble. In many respects the very common notion of the misery and horror of work is here presented.

Opposed to this is another picture, that of a bright October morning, when, for the first time, a youth went

to "strike a furrow," and do a man's hardest work without help. But what a memory does it include! Within the first rod the plow-point struck a rock, and the young plowman was tumbled headlong into the stony mud. By nightfall every muscle and bone were tingling with dire ache, and the work had been too ragged to secure much commendation. But the youth himself was certainly neither hopeless nor sodden. Instead, he was all aglow with the wholesome satisfaction that comes from surmounting difficulties, if never so bunglingly. He had taken his place as a man in a man's field of work; and, undoubtedly, snored lustily all the night through in fullest justification of his effort.

Now, what was the essential difference between Holbein's pictured plowman and the whistling boy? Certainly, it is not to be found in the kind of work, nor in the rewards thereof. Both were equally dirty, and otherwise forbidding and lowly; and the rewards were not very dissimilar, either. The plowman of the conventional picture had his living and something to wear; the youth had little if anything more to show for his effort. Nor was the difference in the surroundings. In both instances there were country life, country skies and country associations. Nevertheless, there was a difference, and a most significant one as well. Looking closely, there is no doubt that the essential difference was to be found in the point of view which birth and education had given to each. "Happy the man of the fields," said Virgil, so long ago, "if he only knew it." This, in a measure, the youth had been born and trained to, while the Holbein toiler had not. The latter was able to gather neither inspiration, nor hope, nor liking from the work he was obliged to do. But the boy had been brought up to feel that honest work and its resulting achievement were to be considered more or less pleasures in themselves. Moreover, he had had constantly before him the goodly example of a man, who actually delighted in doing work as it should be done, and in looking back upon such work as the happiness best suited to his idiosyncrasy. Need one say that this example was sensible, beautiful, and satisfactory in all its influence? If so, may it not be justly affirmed, that there has been and is still something wrong in the bringing up of so many toiling ones to think their lot a curse, over whom we are so apt to groan, and whom writers, and politicians, and maudling sentimentalists of every class are so apt to pity and coddle?

Whether this be so or not, one can affirm that if honest toil is ever to be generally considered worth while, there is just one way by which this may be secured;—namely, by every child's being taught from the earliest years that all such idealization is the result, not of hoodwinking or deceiving oneself in any sort of way whatever, but simply of proper education and corresponding practice. All children should be brought up, not to think that glamour and trappings, and easy-going idleness, and all manner of embellishment are the chief things to be realized, either first or last. Let them be drilled, instead, to genuinely believe that their own growth and vigor of mind and body—something which can come only from work honestly and persistently followed as long as life itself shall last—is above all riches or other considerations whatsoever, and should be made the object of the entire life.

Moreover, in order that toil may be properly appreciated we should also unflinchingly hold before children the vital truth, that all kinds of work are equally honorable, or the reverse, simply as we ourselves make them so. The man who shovels clay out of the ditch and does it in the right spirit, is in fact just as honorable as the artist who takes some of the same clay and molds it into a beautiful statue. Milking a cow and doing it right, is as noble as stripping the fruit from any tree of knowledge whatsoever. Spreading fertilizer and preaching a sermon are exactly on a par, when rightly considered. Setting broken bones and propping up an apple tree have equally to do with vital matters. Always the child should be helped to learn over and over again, if need be, that regular daily toil is in itself just as glorious as regularly drilling with a musket or wearing an epaulette; and that the man down in the hold keeping the furnace hot enough is just as honorable as the Dewey on the bridge giving commands. Indeed, the man who aims the gun in a rolling sea and hits the mark, is the first-class hero every time; and his commander should have sense enough to honor him as such.

Again, we have need to teach that country life is just as glorious as that of the city. Josiah Strong says the twentieth century is to be pre-eminently a century of city life and city government; but he does not promise that either life or government will be any the better for it. In both country and city alike are those who honor toil, simply by their own personal attitude. City people whose opinions are worth having, regard work well done as highly as ever country people do. But there are others, many others, who do not. And it seems to be the predilection of the majority of the so-called leisure classes to take this low-tone view of the subject. Yet how senseless. One day a big cow got thoroughly stalled in a mud-hole; and in the efforts to get her out, everybody concerned became just as thoroughly bedaubed as was possible. At the moment of their success, along came a load of city people, who were thus afforded quasi reasonable cause for a good laugh. Nevertheless, old Bossy had been timely rescued, and over the mud on her rescuers there might have been legitimately laid a robe of royal spotlessness. Lucy Larcom working in the mills, Charlotte Bronte caring for the sick, Lincoln splitting rails, Lydia Maria Child knitting stockings that the black man might be helped, and their like, are not alone. Every man and woman who becallouses hand and bewrinkles cheek in honest toil, proves its glory,—not because the work itself is glorious, but because the worker doth glorify it from within. Our fathers and elder brothers mostly sneered when some of their contemporaries urged so hard that manual labor should be raised to a footing with Hebrew and Latin, in our schools. Yet how we do rejoice, even extravagantly, when it now gets even but a slippery footing here and there. William Morris wrote poetry, stitched his own books and bound them, and did all else besides, in the true spirit that each kind of work is equally glorious. Arthur Prior sweat through the drudgery of much practice that he might make the common breath of man vibrant with the spirit of the "Blue Bells of Scotland," and "Home, Sweet Home." Today we have the picture of John Burroughs in his Eosopus Vineyards, toiling through the variable weather in a halo of as great a glory as ever came through his writing about birds and poets, and men and woods. Edward P. Powell, with all his book and other productiveness, is never more glorious than when engrafting a tree, grubbing onions, or chirping back to brotherly calls from the birds overhead.

And this is the spirit which should be made to suffuse all the little tasks of the child. We work because it is work that constitutes the very highest object in life. We are to work aright because we will thus not only learn to like to work, but will realize the very highest results of our labor attainable. We are to work toward these results because in them are to be found all the potency and realization of our best-being. In fact, all Higher Living is active living for the realization of high purposes. Incidental to this comes the right of sweet sleep, the morning of unsullied hope, the occasional privilege of holy meditation and culture, the joy-

ous recreation and the satisfactory uplift. To deprive a child of the teaching and practice which lead to this, is to leave him unprepared to make any sort of life very worth while, and the highest life an almost utter impossibility. SMITH BAKER.

Filial Piety.

It was the privilege of the writer to be received into the inner circle of the hospitable and artistic home of a gentleman in a certain German city, and often to share with the family pleasures of picture, music and verse during a stay of several months. Germany, after such an experience, is a new land; and the cloudy and brief winter days are forever brightened in memory by the thought of the flowers, the song, the gracious ways, the idyllic sweetness of the parental and filial conduct in that home.

During these months it became the duty of the oldest son to serve his country by entering a regiment of the volunteers. The birthday must be celebrated in his absence, with presents, a feast, toasts and messages. There came to the parents a letter which in translation is quoted below, as a characteristic expression of that virtue which arises out of obedience to the first commandment with a promise: "Honor thy father and thy mother." Of course it was never intended for publication, but I copied it on my own responsibility, and give it here in the hope that it may help some young man to break the guilty silence of his reticence, and express his gratitude to parents with all frankness and fervor, and without being ashamed of a worthy and manly sentiment. A witty pastor tells us that "an ounce of taffy is worth a pound of epitaphy;" and we should not think it necessary to save up all our flowers to lay on the graves of those who have lived for us.

University of Chicago. C. R. HENDERSON.

DEAR PARENTS: Thank you is too small a word for all the sentiments which inspire me this day at the thought of you. At the reading of your splendid letters, that idea took full possession of my mind. I had a feeling half of joyful exaltation, half of deep shame. I have been, as it seems to me, hitherto little deserving of your praises and your rich love. When I consider myself searchingly, I must say of my life which you have always made so happy: "The Lord gives gifts to his own sons while they sleep"—although it is not at all certain that I belong to "his own." At any rate I am fully decided in every respect to achieve something of worth, and ever be to you an affectionate and thankful son. Even at this time I have a good school of life, in spite of all its defects and rudeness which cling to all human arrangements. But the impressive and helpful characteristics outweigh all others. Here for the first time one is cast upon his own resources; the feeling of solidarity and comradeship is developed; one must keep eyes and ears open and alert; and, last not least, one's illusions about himself are almost entirely destroyed and a true estimate of himself is fostered. Naturally, here and in later life, I will often get out of the right path; but I summon all my purpose to avoid everything of the kind, and to root out all that is wrong; though this will not be without difficulty, as you can easily comprehend.

But here also the beautiful proverb of the knights holds true:

*Der ist kein kuhner Reiter,
Der nie den Sand geküsst;
Der ist kein wackrer Streiter,
Der ohne Wunden ist."

**And this also is true:

Vorwärts, Lanzen gefällt zur Attache!
Marsch, Marsch!!

(Then follows a humorous and graphic descriptive catalogue of the birthday presents which had been sent him by relatives and friends, and the closing sentence:)

But now I must close, and I send you, deeply loved parents, my greeting and give mother in my heart a thousand kisses. Your faithful son, W———

The following may be allowed to pass as a translation:

*He's not a strenuous rider,
Who never kissed the ground;
He's not a famous striver,
Who 'scapes without a wound.

**Forward, lances in rest for attack!
March, March!

THE STUDY TABLE.

The Magazines for May.

HARPER'S: This number is sufficiently marked by the fact that Mrs. Humphrey Ward commences another story under the title of "Lady Rose's Daughter." Many will watch the development of Julia with the trembling hope that she will be worthy a place alongside of Marcella and Eleanor.

SCRIBNER'S: Van Dyke's poem to Victor Hugo makes this number worth while though you skip all the rest, but no one will want to skip Dr. Daniel C. Gilman's account of "Some Pleasant Incidents of an Academic Life," among which are some interesting Lanier memories, and a suggestion of the accomplishments of the learned Dr. Haupt who wrote him a congratulation over the completion of his 25th anniversary as president of Johns Hopkins in cuneiform script, and later sent a copy of the same letter in wedge shaped characters, baked in a red clay tablet in imitation of an Assyrian antique.

CENTURY: At last even dear Whittier's love story, for everybody knew he must have had one, has been exhumed, but never mind, the name and the date do not go so far, nor tell as much as what was already known to those who had pondered over "Memories." Edmund Gosse's all too brief notice of Swinburne is a sketch to save. How charming the illustrations are particularly in the article on "The Great Southwest."

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE: This is one of the "Enterprising Magazines." It could not be otherwise, for it is published by John Wanamaker. It is interesting to see how far money can create literature. An article on Cecil Rhodes naturally belongs in such a magazine, but our copy has been so hastily thrown together that one insert, from page 468 to 473, is left out, so that our good intention of reading it has been thwarted.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Sometimes, if we live long enough near the Great, we begin to have misgivings about ourselves. Then there is hope for us.

MON.—An act of charity, out of the wisdom of God, may produce on this either good or evil.

TUES.—Genius is willing to lay the foundations of her structure unobserved.

WED.—Conscience, when contracted, is just as troublesome as croup.

THURS.—None save the truly great possess natural simplicity of manner. It is a quality which baffles many.

FRI.—War may break friendships, but it cannot take away the sacredness of memories.

SAT.—With many of us, it is humiliation and not conscience which makes the sting. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Scattering Crumbs.

I threw some crumbs from my window
At the falling of the night,
And I thought no more about them
Till, at break of morning light,
A ceaseless chirping and twitter
On the frosty air I heard;
'Twas the sparrows' morning blessing,
And my heart with joy was stirred;
For 'tis something to make happy
Even the wee heart of a bird.

It gave me a pleasent keynote
For the music of the day,
A song of thanks for each blessing
I should find along the way;
A thought for the joy of others,
And how oft with little care
I might give some crumbs of pleasure
To another heart, and bear
In my own a double measure
For the sake of another's share.

A Little Cuban Girl.

Down in Cuba there are many little boys and girls who have known no home but shelters of bark and leaves of the palm. Many of these children lived in the country on farms. To prevent the raising of crops that might be used to aid the Cuban army, the Spaniards drove the people from their homes and destroyed them. The people were driven into the towns, where most of the inhabitants were very poor—too poor to help them. The reconcentrados (nearly all women and little children, for all the able-bodied men were in the Cuban army) built shelters of the bark and leaves of the palm in the streets, and lived in them. After a time some of these little children were all alone. Miss Clara Barton saw the needs of these children and has established homes for some of them. One of the rules that she made was that no child should be whipped. What was to be done with the naughty ones? Miss Barton said, "Sew a red cross on the jacket of every boy and the waist of every girl. When you have tried every other way to make the naughty ones good, and failed, then rip off the red cross and do not allow them to wear it again until they show they are sorry and mean to be good."

In one of the houses a little girl named—there, her name shall not be told—was very naughty. At last it was decided that the cross must be taken off her dress. She looked sulky and indifferent. The day passed, and there was no change in ——'s conduct. The next day it was noticed that the little girl looked constantly at the red crosses on the dresses and jackets about her, and would give a swift glance at the space where hers should have been. All day she was quiet and did as she was told. The next morning she looked at the little people about her, and then at her own undecorated gown, and, running to the matron, she put her finger on the place where the red cross had been, and, throwing her arms about the house mother, cried so hard that it was some time before she was quieted. When the red cross was again in place on her waist the little girl was happy—and good.—*The Outlook.*

The Shut-In Society.

"Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense of service which thou renderest."—E. B. Browning.

In January, 1877, Miss Jennie Drinkwater, afterwards Mrs. Conklin, founded the Shut-In Society, having in mind a small band of invalids, who should gain outlook and insight by exchange of letters. She saw an article in the *Advocate and Guardian* entitled "My Invalid Friends," and in it her eager soul recognized the sign of opportunity to multiply the pleasures of correspondence already shared with one invalid friend. The same contributor to the *Advocate and Guardian* writes of Mrs. Conklin: "It was always her delight to share her joys with others;" and again: "When she was too closely occupied with her literary work to write letters, she would send the most delightful postals." Under her maiden name of Drinkwater, Mrs. Conklin wrote several books for girls and was a frequent contributor to religious newspapers.

The thought for others which she began to realize twenty-five years ago has continually widened. Before her death, which occurred in April, 1900, she saw her beloved Shut-In Society a well organized force in the ranks of social service.

During its quarter century of existence the society which originated in desire to cheer the weary sufferer has not altered its purpose nor slackened its endeavors. Organized in 1884 and incorporated in 1885, it makes the following statement of its aim and methods: "To relieve the weariness of the sick room by sending letters and other tokens of remembrance; to testify of the love and presence of Christ; to pray for one another daily; to stimulate faith, hope, courage and patience by the study and presentation of Bible promises."

I quote also from the by-laws, article III, section 4: "Persons who wish to write to Shut-In members, or in any other way to participate in the work of the Shut-In Society, are expected to connect themselves with the organization as associate members, and perform their work subject to the approval of the board of direction."

Each associate is expected to subscribe one dollar and each Shut-In member fifty cents annually. All members receive the *Open Window*, published monthly in New York, "to serve as the organ of the society and as a medium of communication between its members."

The constitution makes it the duty of the correspondence committee to arrange for correspondence between associate and Shut-In members. The helping-hand committee receives for distribution gifts of stationery and materials for work. The wheel-chair committee reports 102 chairs now in use by members of the society. The librarian distributed during the last year 400 books, 130 magazines and 200 newspapers.

In addition to the work which is carried on by the correspondence, helping-hand and wheel-chair committees and by the librarian, the society provides for special work in three directions, and in furtherance thereof appoints a committee on work for seamen, a prison letter committee and the invalids' auxiliary. Work for seamen consists in making comfort bags and filling them with mending materials, muffler and wristlets, a New Testament and a letter from the donor. These are sent to the Seamen's Friend Society.

The prison letter committee collects letters written by members of the Shut-In Society and forwards them to the chaplain of some penitentiary for distribution. To disheartened souls weighed down by their offences the letters carry encouragement to better living and hope for the future in this world.

The Invalids' Auxiliary is a helper to the Woman's Union Missionary Society. The contributions to this department are applied to the support of a child in the Calcutta Orphanage, who was rescued during the last famine in India. An interesting account of the little girl's education is given in the *Open Window* for March, 1902.

The report of the vice-president for Canada and foreign countries shows that the sunshine scattered by the Shut-In Society is not confined to our own land. A review of the work accomplished by the society in its various departments goes far to arouse such enthusiasm for humanity as Shaftesbury's, which "made it painful for him to be separated from the wretched as long as he had any power to relieve their misery."

An undenominational organization working through established channels and uniting the sick and the well in bonds of mutual helpfulness and affection, the Shut-In Society is one of the present-day social forces moving towards the realization of the prayer: "Thy kingdom come on earth."

MARGARET HARDINGE.

Chicago, Ill.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Rev. H. M. Simons, of Minneapolis, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago, exchange pulpits next Sunday, May 4, 1902.

UNITARIAN SETTLEMENTS. Rev. F. J. Van Hoesen, of Schenectady, N. Y., has accepted a call to the Unitarian parish of Geneseo, Ill., and Rev. Hedley Hall has taken up the work of Unity Church, Moline, Ill.

Foreign Notes.

APPROPOS OF THE PEACE CONGRESS AT MONACO.—The eleventh Universal Peace Congress assembled at Monaco April 1st on the invitation of the ruler of that small but notorious principality. By a vote of 13 to 10, with three not voting, this invitation was accepted by the standing committee at Berne, after written consultation with all the members. The proposal met with great opposition. Protests poured in upon the committee, a large number of the peace associations objecting vigorously to the Congress being held under the auspices of "the prince of roulette." The principal German, English, Swiss and American groups, the associations of Havre, Roubaix and other places threatened non-attendance, and, as the vote shows, a refusal of the invitation was very probable.

The whole matter has brought into prominence a very real and important ethical problem, the discussion of which has by no means ended with the convening of the Congress, as will be seen by the following excerpts from the *Signal de Geneve*. One correspondent writes: "We can but regret to see an organization with which we are in fullest sympathy meeting in a house whose sole income is drawn from the exploitation of a vice. The inconsequence seems the more regrettable at a time when protest against public gaming is the order of the day almost everywhere, and when the Belgian nation has just absolutely prohibited it through its domain. Is it right, for the sake of combatting one social scourge, to place oneself under the patronage of a vice?"

Others express themselves with less calmness and restraint. In the *Signal de Paris* the acceptance of the invitation has been declared a shame and a disgrace, and the presence of the peace lovers at Monaco has been denounced in no measured terms by more than one correspondent. Prince Albert has been dubbed the "king of roulette" and characterized as an "opera prince who poses as a little czar and wants to have his own little Conference of The Hague." But behind these and much more virulent epithets and utterances there is a declaration of principles which may be summed up in such passages as the following: "This has the aspect of making a choice, even in ethics, of accepting therefrom the idea of peace and leaving out of the count that of gambling. * * * But morality today is one, and includes both theory and practice." "There seems to us a monstrous contradiction in being willing to build up under such patronage the international order of the future. * * * Today you have before you certain puritans, tomorrow it is the people who will demand of you an accounting."

To all this the reply is made somewhat officially that the neutral territory of Monte Carlo is far from being objectionable for the discussion of international topics closely related to politics, that other congresses are held there and the principality may become an important juridical and neutral center. Furthermore, this is the first invitation from a sovereign, and it would be unwise to alienate the spontaneous sympathy of a prince who puts great personal activity and material resources at the service of science and philanthropy. "Alongside the evil, the good is still good. The value of money depends less on its source than on the use made of it; the former is a matter for him who has the funds to settle with his own conscience." One must not treat in block either men or institutions. In 1898, the Peace Society went to Hamburg, which draws revenue from lotteries. At Paris the Congress was officially opened by a minister of state who raises millions each year on betting and licenses debauch. It does not conflict with principle to agree to carry on a good undertaking in the vicinity of an oceanographic museum, even though a little further away there is a casino, where no one is obliged to set foot."

This reference to Prince Albert's museum of oceanography suggests the elaborate illustrated article devoted to that museum in the April number of *Everybody's Magazine*. From beginning to end there was no word of reprobation for the methods by which the prince obtains the immense revenue which enables him to prosecute his scientific researches and install there results on a scale of such magnificence. On the contrary, the writer says: "Quite naturally there is a glamour of magnificence about a prince—a prince threefold, in blood and power and wealth—who spends millions of francs on little fishes; who explores the globe in his yacht with a corps of savants as working guests; who builds a palace more splendid than the castle of his forefathers, just for these same little fishes, and who does these things without the cost of a single pang of misery wrung from his people." One of the most picturesque illustrations shows the Casino and bears this inscription: "The Casino at Monte Carlo explains Monaco's freedom from taxation, and then the author of the article goes on to say: "But after all, the handsomest compliment for His Very Serene Highness is this: that we can honestly and seriously take him out of the princely category and consider him as a scientist. He is almost as big a man as Agassiz. So having established this footing, we can conscientiously go along with him in search of the little fishes."

It is the old judgment that the end sanctifies the means. In the one world-renowned structure under the prince's patronage nets are spread for human kind, fortunes are lost, characters ruined, lives are blasted; in the other are housed for the intellectual edification of those who care for the wonders of the natural world, the strange and fascinating gleanings of the prince's deep sea dredgings. Is the balance even? Are all our scruples rightfully set at rest because in going to the museum no one is really obliged to set foot in the Casino? Thinking of many a tale of ruin, suicide and dishonor that may be traced to Monte Carlo, one is reminded of Olive Schreiner's dream, in which the guests at the banquet drinking the wine of life saw not that it was the blood pressed from the victims behind the curtain.

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